



LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

Georgiana: JOHN HENRY, WAKE UP! HERE'S SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE! OH, WHAT *shall* WE DO?

John Henry: HUSH-SH-H! I HEAR HIM; HE'S RUMMAGING IN THE PANTRY NOW. KEEP PERFECTLY QUIET, AND HE MAY EAT SOME OF THAT PIE YOU MADE YESTERDAY. THEN WE'LL HAVE HIM!

THE IMPRESSION SHE MADE.

NO doubt she had *organs* and *members*—
All living things have, as a rule,
But really she mostly impressed me
As a piece of extremely green tulle.

She could move—for we danced, I remember,
And tripped on that confounded stool:
While waltzing, I thought of her only
As an armful of very green tulle.

Then she ate, for I took her to supper—
All she wanted was "something that's cool;"

So I brought pistache ice, meanwhile thinking,
Just the thing for a bit of green tulle.

I was with her the whole of the evening,
And I flirted and talked like a fool;
Now my only remembrance of her,
Is of something in very green tulle.

Should we meet in the street on the morrow,
I should pass her, I know, like a mule:
I sha'n't know her again till I meet her
Arrayed in that very green tulle.

M. W. W.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY 49 applauds the sentiments of Dr. McGlynn when he says he respects the opinions of noble men who throw bombs at the Czar. If the eloquent priest gets his views into practical shape, and meets "tyranny" in his own case by Russian methods, will 49 back him up? Does the hardihood of the town run exclusively to bridge-jumping, or will the Fourth Ward furnish a devoted squad to run over and blow up the Pope? Wouldn't it be a glorious tribute to 49 and American freedom to disintegrate His Holiness on the Fourth of July! How would that suit you, 49?

THE question of Sunday rum continues to be fraught with as much passion as ever, but talk only makes the town dryer. New York grows weekly more goody-goody, and her citizens hunt with increasing anxiety for convenient places to hie to for refreshment. How far we have out-Puritaned the Puritans is demonstrated by the recent exodus of a band of sportful Gothamites to the spring meeting of the Boston Country Club. The suppression of betting on horses by our Sunday-School Legislature gave Boston a fine meeting, with New York judges and New York horses, money and clothes to set the pace for her. It's a feeble wind that doesn't make the dust fly somewhere. Hail to the Pool bill! and may the Saturnian days return to Coney Island *te duce Hill*.

SOME people thought that when Editor O'Brien crossed the sea for the sole purpose of calling Lord Lansdowne names, he came on a fool's errand. If that was true, the circumstances that were needed to alter the case have come promptly to hand. The Canadian Orangemen have seldom disappointed any one who trusted them to make idiots of themselves, and if Mr. O'Brien came confiding in their ability to put themselves in the wrong, the result has nobly borne him out. LIFE cordially hopes that the ribs of the Press militant's representative may regain their normal position, and long defend the stout heart beneath them. As for you,

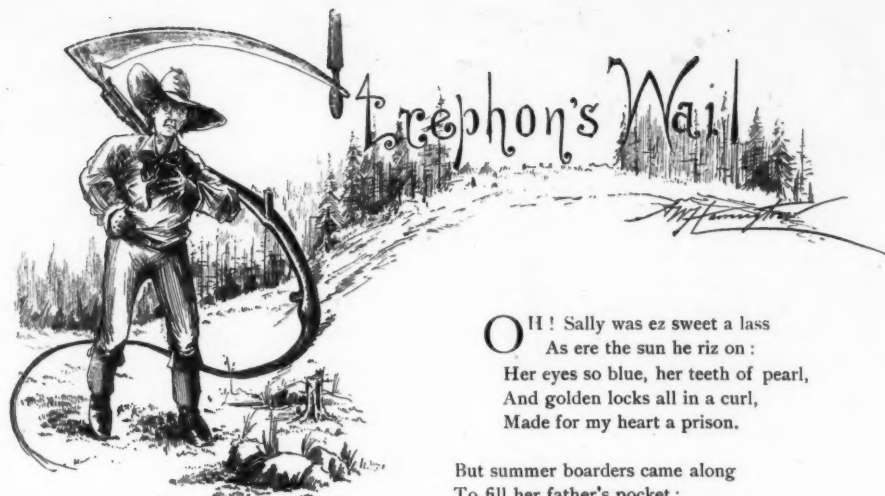
Lord Lansdowne, dear, may heaven deliver you from your friends! Can't your lordship get a squad of Orangemen for tenants sometime, and serve 'em out the way you know?

IN the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Howells expresses his disapproval of the American critics, suggesting, however, that they work under great disadvantages of ignorance, circumstances and sex, and are really not so malevolent and more amusing than might be expected. It is gratifying to see Mr. Howells' lance couched in this mill. If he is ever to have as much fun with the American critics as they have had with him it is time he began, and he should keep prodding with all his might. If Howells should run out so as not to be worth finding fault with, or should stop writing, the American critic would be inconsolable. The said critic doesn't know very much, perhaps, but he knows Howells, and anything that would tend to make that much of his stock of information unavailable would hit him where he lives.

The American critic will stick to you, Mr. Howells, Sir, as long as you are worth sticking to. Not the poster-paster is so good a friend to Mr. Barnum as he is to you. Sock it to him, Sir; he likes it.

REALLY the steamship companies seem to want to injure a profitable business and encourage Americans to stay at home. If they go on staving in one another's sides people will believe after a while that in spite of plumb-ing, there is a good deal to be said for houses and dry land. Was it the loss of the *Oregon* that kept the *Britannic's* compartments shut and saved her? Let the Cunard Company say Yes, and add *sic vos non vobis*.

IF one individual more than another monopolizes the public interest at this time, that person is probably Mr. Stagg, pitcher of baseballs to Yale University. Mr. Stagg is represented to be a young man of limited financial resources and phenomenal ability to place a baseball so that a batsman will try to hit it and fail. It is a talent which is in great demand in this country just now, and can command a magnificent remuneration. Most of the top professional clubs are as anxious to get Mr. Stagg as Chicago women are to own a Mazarine diamond, and the young man daily has occasion to adjust in his mind the comparative value of a liberal education and a liberal salary. Such is the suspense of the public that awaits Stagg's decision, that questions that once seemed momentous have grown trivial in comparison, and Yale men have even been heard to say that they didn't care any more whether it was the lady or the tiger.



O H ! Sally was ez sweet a lass
As ere the sun he riz on :
Her eyes so blue, her teeth of pearl,
And golden locks all in a curl,
Made for my heart a prison.

But summer boarders came along
To fill her father's pocket ;
An' fust we knew, that wicked girl
Had give one Dude a shining curl,
An' he'd give her a locket.

She's married to the City Swell—
Her heart an' all is his'n.
We do not mourn, not us, but say,
Ef her will let we go our way,
Why we'll let she go shis'n.

A. W. H.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

LIE: A method of self-justification exacted by the demands of fashion and the higher influences of civilization.

BOODLER: A gentleman of high instincts, shrinking modesty and ample fortune, who when persecuted by foes retires into a hole and pulls the whole in after him.

SLANG: An elastic medium out of which we construct a unique vocabulary for elevating the tone and imparting flexibility to the English language.

EDITOR: A man who accumulates an enormous fortune by minding other people's business.

EDUCATION: An improved method of enlarging the biceps; the subjugation of mind to muscle, but sometimes an exchange of muscular force for mental inaptitude.

Harold van Santvoord.

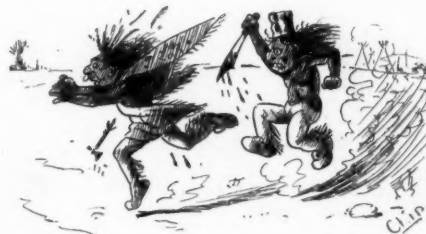
A NORTH OF ENGLAND ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross!"

PHENOMENAL as it may appear it is still true that Patti's voice is full of precious stones. This accounts for \$7 admissions.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. HOWELL'S autobiographical remarks on childhood are charming to read, but they are disappointing for the reason that we are left in the dark as to whether in the olden days he parted his hair on the left or the right side; how many bites he made per apple, and whether he had to rise at seven minutes before seven or thirteen minutes after six on cold winter mornings.

It is to be hoped the great Particularizer will enlighten us on these points.



CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.



A POSER.

DEAR Sphinx, please solve this rebus
That puzzles all from Luna bright to Phoebus:
Dost think that he who some few weeks ago
Heaped upon Athens contumely and scorn
And now is at her feet with sorrow sadly riven
Will find her great-soled enough to tell him he's forgiven?
Or will she ever more her thumbs serenely twiddle
At every mention of his name—canst solve the Riddle?

Come, dearest Sphinx,
Tell us what you thinks.

THE REPLY.

DEAR LIFE: Perhaps this man who has been tossed on
The blanket of the critics down in Boston
May find forgiveness for his later acts;
But if I have the facts
It will require something more exacting
Than repentance for these frowning
Devotees of Browning
To forgive his *Earl-y* acting.
This is truly what I think,
Yours ever, Spink.

DUE TO NIHILISM.

REPORTER (to Officer of CELTIC): How do you account for the collision?

OFFICER: Have you asked my brother officer of the *Britannic*?

REPORTER: Yes, sir.

OFFICER: What did he say?

REPORTER: Nothing.

OFFICER: Well, that's what I say.

THE fact that the celebrated explorer's father was a
Glazier may account for the facility with which many
people see through Captain Willard G.

IT is rather hard on the pious man who attends church, to
find it against the law to thirst after his righteousness
on Sunday.

"I LOVE everything that's old," sang Goldsmith.
How Oliver would have gloated over the jokes in
Harper's Drawer!

THE Grecian ladies, according to Homer, counted their
age from their marriage, not from their birth. They
began when they were won, as it were.

IT pays to be honest in the long run, but in the short run
there isn't much money in it.

THE professional poet finds inspiration in Spring; per-
spiration in Summer; suspiration in Fall, and despera-
tion in Winter, which makes it strange that the professional
poet should be so invariably irrational.

BUFFALO BILL is on chummy terms with the Prince of
Wales. He calls him Unicorn Bertie and has taught
him to ride a bucking cow.

IF the ticket-sellers on the L roads were as quick in their
movements as the gatemen, fewer travelers would be left
at stations.

THE wages of sin is death, and we never hear of a strike
to have them raised either.

ONE of the most distinguished members of Harper's
Southern Literary Movement has written a poem in
which "corn" rhymes with "gone," and the *Star* objects.
We see no good reason why our contemporary should
object. No one short of a genius could make such a rhyme.
What we find to quarrel with is the non-sequitousness of
"corn" and "gone." We have never yet met that kind of a
corn, and we think Miss Rives can find enough realities with
a semblance of impossibility to write about without going
into this Riderhaggardish business of pure invention.



EVICTED.

GOVERNOR HILL IS EVIDENTLY AWARE THAT THE SPARROW
CONTROLS NO VOTES.

THE GENIAL WARMTH OF SPRING POETRY.

QUITE late was spring and cold my feet,
The register was lacking heat,
And very cool I found my seat
For early spring.
Shiv'ring I sat, when my two eyes
Lit on a paper of great size,
Full of news and many lies,
And I grasped the thing.

I had been very often told
That paper would keep out the cold,
So I hastened to unfold
The timely sheet.
A verse poetic printed there,
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, fair,
Was so warm it singed my hair
And warmed my feet.

Clarence Stetson.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETIQUETTE.

FORMULATED FOR THE COMPREHENSION OF THE OBTUSE WITH AN
APPENDIX OF ARBITRARY RULES FOR BEGINNERS.

- I. Don't allow your guest to become embarrassed. If he should break a champagne glass, immediately contrive to smash the epergne yourself. This conduct will put your guest in countenance, and will also develop powers of endurance in your wife.
- II. Don't be flurried. If you should find that you have just been disparaging a near relative of your host, continue the subject vigorously until you shift the embarrassment from yourself to your host.
- III. Don't, while visiting, be languid or taciturn. Don't have too little animation to get up and go home.
- IV. Don't wear soiled linen. It is not chivalrous to boycott the laundry-woman.
- V. Don't nap in church. You are liable to snore, and it would be inconsiderate to awaken other members of the congregation.
- VI. Don't write anonymous communications. If you feel a hesitancy in signing your own name, use that of a friend. In writing cheques, this practice is now sanctioned by the best usage.
- VII. Don't fail, as host, to follow a departing visitor to the hall door. You are responsible for the hats and umbrellas of the callers who remain.
- VIII. Don't smoke in public conveyances. Some fellow-traveler might ask you for a cigar.
- IX. Don't shake hands with every person present. Respectfully submitted to the President of the United States.
- X. Don't hesitate to drink water during meals, no matter what may be said to the contrary. Some articles of food need to be put out.
- XI. Don't fly into a towering passion with the waiter at a watering-place, and throw crockery. He might prove to be a Harvard or Yale man, whose challenge you could not decline.
- XII. Don't leave the theatre just before the curtain falls. Everybody does; remain and avoid the crowd.
- XIII. Don't appear in evening dress on any occasion before six P. M. Otherwise the inference in polite society is that you didn't come home till morning.
- XIV. Don't notice or invite attention to the infirmities of others. Don't call on the mute for an after-dinner speech.



LABELLUS FECIT VINUM.

Patron (to Druggist): I WANT SOME OLD PORT FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

Druggist (to Assistant): JIMMIE, HAVE THOSE PORT LABELS COME OVER FROM THE PRINTER'S YET?

Jimmie: NO, SIR.

Druggist (to Patron): SORRY, SIR, BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY.

Patron: BUT WHAT HAS THE LABEL GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Druggist: EVERYTHING, SIR, IN OUR BUSINESS—EVERYTHING! STILL, IF YOU'RE NOT PARTICULAR, I CAN GIVE YOU A LITTLE WITH THE SHERRY LABEL.

- XV. Don't fail to apologize whenever you inconvenience others. If you happen to be standing on a gentleman's head in a panic, don't forget to say, "Excuse me."

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO SEARCHERS FOR SOCIAL CULTURE
WHO USE THE INQUIRY COLUMNS OF THE PRESS.

- I. Don't stir your coffee with your fork, or stick your spoon into the beef.
- II. Don't rest your elbows in your plate, or in any dish.
- III. Don't, in carving, stab with the fork, or do anything that will suggest cruelty.
- IV. Don't forget to carry food to the mouth with an inward curve of the fork or spoon. No calisthenic flourishes over the shoulder or around the head are permissible.
- V. Don't tuck your napkin under the chin, and don't carry away the ring.
- VI. Don't come to lunch in your shirt sleeves, and don't retire in your dress-coat.
- VII. Don't talk when your mouth is full. *Mem.:* Keep it full.
- VIII. Don't fail to keep your Manual of Etiquette lying open for easy reference during meals.

Eureka Bendall.

A WESTERN poker-player who was caught with a couple of aces up his sleeve, explained that the mustard plaster on his back must have drawn them there.

UNACCOUNTABLY OVERLOOKED.

IN my travels I have met with a great many individuals who are full of information about a war which they say took place in some parts of this country about twenty-five years ago.

It is queer that nothing about it ever got into the papers.

It occurs to me, also, that some steps should be taken to preserve some of this information for future use. Our children, if we have any, or if not, our grandchildren will want to know something about this war, and it is time that some sort of a history of it was committed to paper.

Some of the men who know all about it are very old, and all of them are aging rapidly. Soon they will leave us, and take with them their rich stores of reminiscences, if they cannot be induced to convert them into a substantial form as a legacy.

We cannot depend upon oral tradition in this age as people were obliged to do in the hoary past. The rising generation is too much engrossed* in baseball and other educational matters to permit of sitting at the feet of the sages who know all about the late conflict, and learning by heart their recital of its battles, its marches, its sieges, its campaigns, and the important parts they took in the stirring events.

I will mention one incident I deem worthy of preservation. A friend of mine, Major Baggs, told me one day all about the battle of Gettysburg, in which he was an active participant. Indeed, much of the Union success of the third day can be attributed to Major Baggs' gallantry. This was clear from his own statements.

On another occasion I happened to mention the siege of Vicksburg to the Major, whereupon he gave me a thrilling account of the whole affair, as he was attached to General Grant's staff at the time. Now, Vicksburg fell on the same day that decided the conflict at Gettysburg, and as the two localities are somewhat removed from each other, Major Baggs must have traveled very fast in his earnest desire to put down the war.

Such glorious deeds as these ought to be recorded for the emulation of coming generations, and I hope they will be. Major Baggs' exploits are only samples of hundreds, and all ought to take their place in history.

Perhaps, if the matter were brought properly before some of our magazine publishers, they would consent to print these reminiscences, accompanied by maps of battles and pictures of the writers.

I think it would pay, too. The only imaginable reason why it has never been done is that the magazine editors have never thought of it. I make no charge for the suggestion, valuable as I believe it to be. It is made solely in the interest of history.

Wm. H. Siviter.

"MAY I help you to alight?" said a young man to a lady about to leave her carriage. "No, thanks," said she, "I don't smoke."



THE NEW POISON.

Would-be Suicide: GIMME THREE CENTS' WORTH OF MILK, QUICK!

Dealer: VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT WITHOUT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

A HINT FOR VICTORIA.

HIGGINS: I see by the morning paper that the *Celtic* and *Britannic* have come together with a crash in mid-ocean.

WIGGINS: That's nothing wonderful; the two nations have been at loggerheads ever since I was born.

HIGGINS: But the funny part of it is that the *British Queen* came to the rescue, and helped to bring the two safe to port. Wonder if the Old Lady won't look on this as an omen?

SEE the man hold up the post! Is the post loose? No, the man is tight.



HOW RETRIBUTION OVERTOOK A WICKED BOY.



AT AUTEUIL.

Freddy, on leaving his bride for a few minutes and knowing she is very weak in her French, has instructed her to look very dignified in case anyone addresses her, and to say haughtily: "PRENEZ GARDE!"

He returns to find her surrounded by a group of wondering Frenchmen and hysterically exclaiming: "REGARDEZ MOI!"

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT HAUL.

PERHAPS this clause and that
Is suspended because,
Like a tiger, 'tis safer
When robbed of its claws.

LETTERS TO PROMINENT STATUES.

TO THE HON. WM. SHAKESPEARE, Central Park.

DEAR SIR: I note with considerable sorrow that another attempt has been made to detract from your glory by proving that you were not yourself, but that some other man enjoyed that distinction. It is all the more a matter of regret to me that your present detractor is an American, and no less distinguished an American than Mr. Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College. His pamphlet, entitled: "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" is undoubtedly interesting, plausible and almost convincing; but, my dear William, permit me to assure you that while your personality remains identified with the effigy which now stands in the Central Park, no effort, however plausible, convincing or interesting, will ever prove that Shakespeare was Shapleigh—especially as regards his legs. Yours most truly,

ROBERT BURNS.

SIR: I would call your attention to our celebrated Bronchitis Wafers as well as to the efficacy of Smith's Liniment for stiff neck, from which, I believe, you are a constant sufferer. Send stamp for estimonial pamphlet.

J. SMITH, Druggist.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

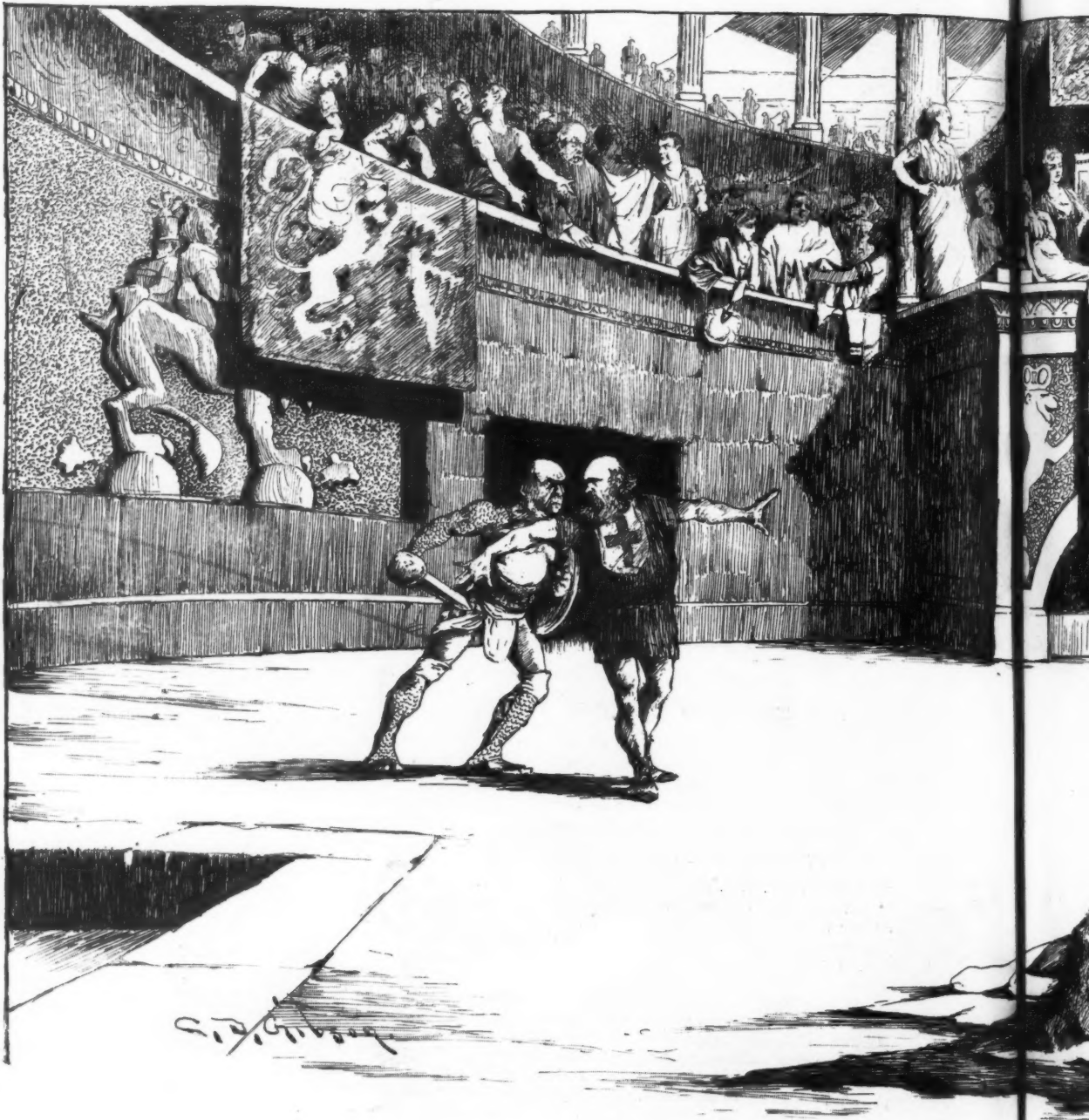
MY DEAR MR. SEWARD: As an old friend and admirer, I feel that you will not take it amiss when I tell you that your trousers are woefully out of style, and by this time sadly bagged at the knees. If you will make an appointment to meet me some dark night, I will lend you a pair of bronze bags, cut in the latest and most approved style, and, if you feel disposed, will be accompanied by a very gentlemanly boiler-maker, who will take that reef in your limbs which we who knew you in the flesh feel is so greatly needed. The operation will be painful, but not nearly so much so as the undue elongation which your friends are compelled to view every time they pass you on Madison Square. Ever your friend,

GENERAL BOLIVAR, Central Park.

DEAR GENERAL: Can't we arrange to have you take a few lessons in horsemanship, either at the riding-school or of Buffalo Bill?

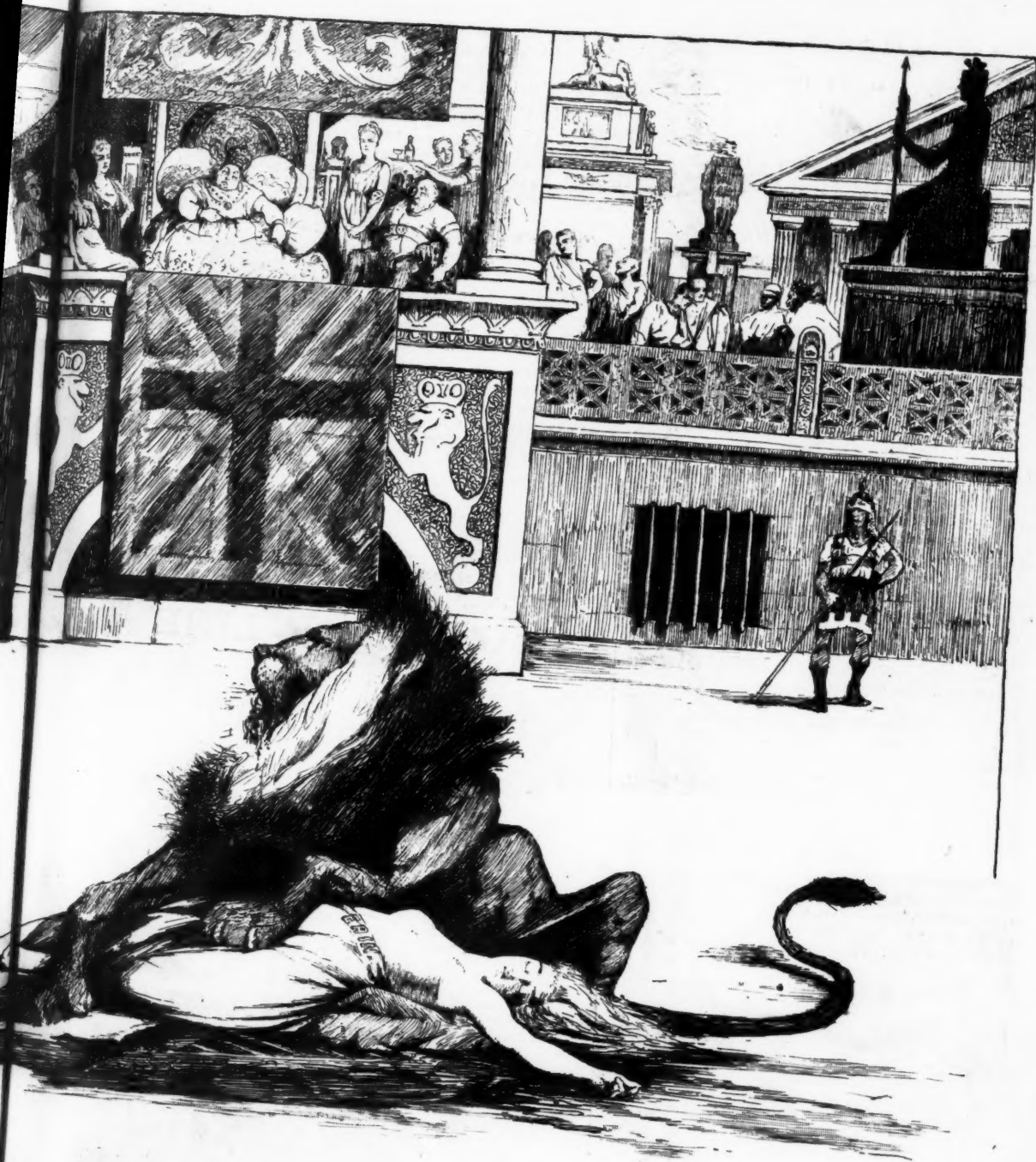
I have arranged with the glue works in Hoboken for the sale of your horse, and I think we can get you a better steed from the Gotham Cab Company (Limited). The new horse may need a few rivets here and there, and his hoofs may have to be soldered on a little more tightly, but you would cut a better figure with the new animal than you do now, and the lessons in horsemanship will add much to your dignity. Let me hear from you. Yours, in the bonds,

IF the young lady who wears shoes marked "11's" is afflicted with the same number in different form, \$, she need never fear that large feet will interfere with her prospects in life.



MORS VICT

LIE.



ICTIS.

AWFUL DISASTER!

THE BLACK STAR STEAMSHIP *CELT* CRASHES
THROUGH THE FOG INTO HER SISTER
STEAMER THE *BRITON*.

NO LIVES AND FOUR IMMIGRANTS LOST

THE COMPANY NOT RESPONSIBLE.
NO BLAME ATTACHED TO THE OFFICERS.

THE COLLISION SIMPLY A NATURAL OCCUR-
RENCE DUE ENTIRELY TO FOG.

THE LOSS OF THE IMMIGRANTS CAUSED BY
THEIR OWN CARELESSNESS.

WHAT THE OFFICERS SAY.

A collision between the Black Star steamers *Celt* and *Briton* occurred at sea on Thursday last, in a dense fog. The Company sustained severe losses, the principal being fourteen sheet-iron plates, one anchor, three life-boats, and the *Celt's* bow. It is believed that four immigrants lost their lives. The cabin passenger list remains intact.

A reporter of *LIFE* called at the office of the company shortly after the news of the disaster was received, and obtained the following information from the Captain of the *Briton*:

"Yes, I believe there was a collision between my boat and the *Celt*—that is, I read in this morning's papers that there had been. I was in command of the *Briton* on Thursday, and if I rightly remember, there was some talk about our having rubbed up against the *Celt*, and it was rumored that four immigrants had been careless enough to lose their lives through contact with the *Celt's* bow. I think the number was four. There were certainly four immigrants buried, but whether they were the ones that were killed or not I prefer not to say until I can hear from my good friend, the Commander of the *Celt*. I must confess, however, that admitting the *Celt* was to blame for this loss of life, the company certainly has sustained heavy damages, which more than offset the loss of four immigrants. The *Celt's* bow was so stove in as to be entirely unrecognizable."

"How do you account for the collision?" asked the reporter.

"I don't, my dear sir," replied the captain. "It takes two to make a collision, and my friend, the Captain of the *Celt*, and I have not yet made up our accounts. As for my own ship, I will ask you to inform the public that I had the fog-horn blown the night before the disaster. It was in good repair, had been recently painted, and a new tone put in its lower register, and the sound it emitted was of such a nature as to inspire confidence. There, as you will observe, my responsibility ceased. I lost no cabin passengers; and the mere fact that I had so precious a cargo as an American millionaire on board ought, it seems to me, to completely exonerate me from any suspicion of collusion to collide. If I should happen to have anything further to say, I prefer, as a British subject, to say it to a British public, who are more lenient, and I might say more just than you Americans, in their judgment of unfortunate victims of circumstances like myself."

The Captain of the *Celt* was next seen. He stated that as he had not yet heard from his esteemed *confrere* of the *Briton*, he was too much at a loss to account for the incident, as he termed it, to make any public statement. He would say, however, that he could corroborate the statement of the *Briton's* Commander that his fog-horn had been blown the night before.

"I heard it go off," said the captain.

"And you slowed up, of course?" asked the reporter.

The captain laughed heartily at this.

"Slowed up," he said, scornfully. "Well, I fawncy not. We tripped along at double speed then. It's sink or swim, my boy. When we go fast we get out of everybody else's way, and run down whatever gets in our way. Two birds at one stone, you see. Unfortunately, I didn't know that one of our own boats was in our way. I never discovered that unhappy fact until the mate came to me, and said: 'Capt'n, we've been, and gone, and done it! 'Tain't a Cunarder, hit's the *Briton*.' I reversed engines, of course, soon as I heard that, but it was too late. I was quite put out about it, I can tell you, and I think it quite inconsiderate in the papers to clamor for my punishment, as if I had done it on purpose. Why, I have a fine twenty guinea testimonial from all the passengers, saying that they never knew a collision managed with such neatness and dispatch! Do you think I'd have received that if there was any suspicion that I did wrong? Now, I wish you would say for me that I exonerate my dear brother of the sea, the Captain of the *Briton*, for any complicity in the death of those four immigrants. Nobody asked these immigrants to get aboard the *Briton*, and they were not compelled to sit where they were at the time of the collision. You Yankees are too ready to impute motives to us Englishmen; and I'll say right here, that I'll be 'anged if I'll say anything more on the subject."

It will be seen from these statements that really no one was to blame for the disaster, except Providence and the immigrants. The Black Star Line comes out of the trouble with colors flying, and all its former patrons who believe that there isn't much likelihood that the same thing will happen to the same ships, commanded by the same captains, on the same waters, twice in a lifetime, will, as heretofore, continue to embark to and from Europe on the Black Star Line.

BLACK STAR LINE

FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL EVERY WEEK.

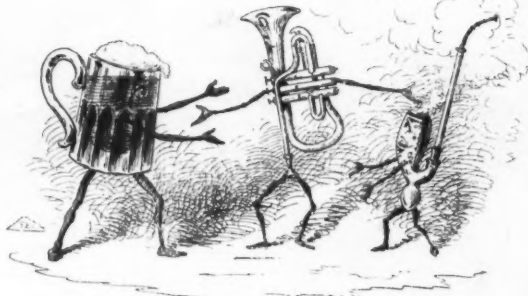
Free Burial Guaranteed to Immigrants.

LUGGAGE AT PASSENGER'S RISK

AND

ALL DISPUTES ARISING IN AMERICA TO BE
SETTLED BY ENGLISH LAW.

Adv.



WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



"WHO KNOWS NOT WHERE A WASP
DOTH WEAR HIS STING?"

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

THE Romans seemed to realize how obstinate woman could be, when they called her *mulier*.

PREMIER GOBLET, of France, is said to be quite an acrobat and a tumbler of great ability.

SANS PEUR.—A dead cat.

THE SOJOURNER FROM JERSEY.

ONE Sunday afternoon, a New Jersey mosquito, having painfully winged its way from its native shores to the Island of Manhattan, paused on the curbstone of desolate and deserted Broadway, and like Macaulay's New Zealander amid the ruins of London, sent his eye abroad through the grim solitudes.

An ant, who was laboriously trying to scrape up a living under that sidewalk where so many toiling thousands have failed, observed the stranger, and remarked:

"You must indeed have come from a distance if you expect to find anybody here to-day. What do you seek?"

"I am only from the neighboring shores of Jersey," replied the mosquito, "and I seek food."

"Fool!" cried the ant, "return to your native place. The greater part of the population of this city is now in New Jersey, endeavoring to forget the heat and the dust and the thirst of this unfortunate city. Don't you know the blue Sunday laws are still in force?"

And the mosquito sadly returned to his own dwelling-place.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF TRAVEL TAKES ITS WAY."

HIGGINS: How's this, old boy; off for the West? Thought you were going to Europe.

WIGGINS: So I am; via Pacific Ocean and Suez Canal. The Atlantic's getting too crowded for safe travel.

A GENTLEMAN who has recently died left a large sum of money for a statue to Fitz-John Porter.

We advise Fitz-J. to see to the statue himself, or else provide in his will for a libel suit against the sculptor.

SCRAPS.

NOTHING so impresses us with the truth of *tempus fugit* as having a *Century* come around each month.

THE sign "Beware the Dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

A MAN recently escaped from a Southern prison on a load of cotton. The papers stated that he got out on bail.

SINCE Hewitt has been may- or no young men are admitted to the bar on Sunday.

CHICAGO girls may not be handsome, but they have the reputation for being decidedly footsome.

PHILOLOGISTS say that Chauncy Depew should be called Chauncy Depot — or the station should be the Grand Central Depew.

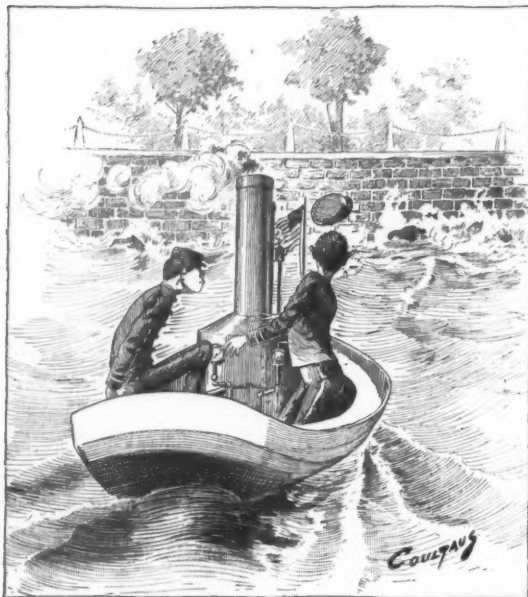


Mrs. J.: YES, MR. BROWN, THIS HOT WEATHER IS VERY TRYING. TOMMY HAS BEEN BOTH-ERING ME ALL THE AFTERNOON TO TAKE HIM TO THE BARBER'S TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT SHORT.

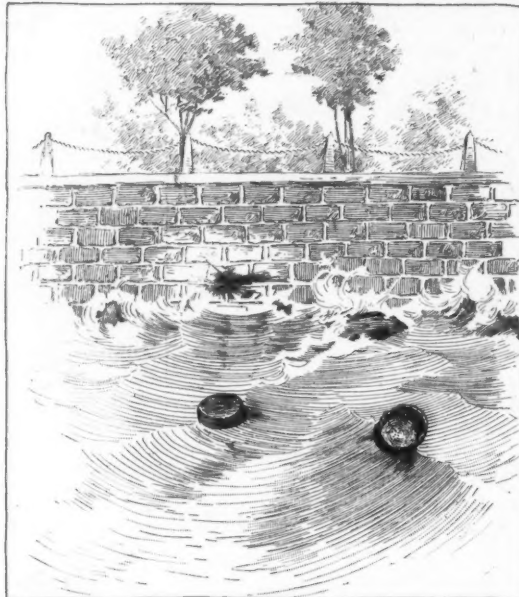
Tommy: OH, YES! AND I SAY, MAMMA, TAKE ME TO THE SAME BARBER THAT CUTS MR. BROWN'S HAIR.

THE NEW STEAM YACHT.

FREDDY AND ARTHUR, WHO BELIEVE IT AN EASY MATTER TO RUN A STEAM LAUNCH ARE TRYING IT ALONE. THERE IS A SEAWALL JUST AHEAD; THE RUDDER IS "CHOKED," AND BOTH HAVE FORGOTTEN WHICH LEVER APPLIES THE REVERSING GEAR.



TIME, 10.30 A. M.



TIME, 10.32½ A. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

BOSTON has a new book club, known as the N. B. Society. As its membership comprises only Bostonians who have written No Books it is necessarily small.

THE *piece de resistance* in Mr. Fawcett's new volume of verses is in blank verse, and is entitled "The Aspirer." The *resistance* of this particular *piece* is said to be much the same as that of rock.

MISS CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK was recently compelled to decline the request of a little girl for her autograph, because there were but two bottles of ink in the house.

"A KNIGHT-ERRANT" is the title of a charming story by Miss Edna Lyall, which makes it quite inexcusable for a St. Louis journal to refer to it as a Night-off.

ARE your cigars imported or domestic?

Well, judging from the way they disappear when I'm not home, I think, perhaps, they are more or less domestics.

A NEW JOURNAL.

THE latest addition to journalism is *Dress*. A monthly magazine devoted to the beautiful in women's and children's clothing.

The clothes press is mighty and will prevail.

WHY not offer John L. the presidency of the American Pommelological Society?



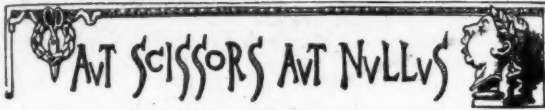
NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Boy: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FOLKS, ANYHOW? WHAT ARE THEY RUNNIN' FOR? CAN'T THEY SEE I'VE GOT HOLD OF THE DOG!

A COLORED porter on a Pullman car sold a bottle of ale while his train was passing through a prohibition county in Mississippi. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to pay his own fees for a month.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER made a million dollars in land speculations last year.

If he keeps this up Mr. Flower will be able to rent a seat in the Senate before long.



HE VALUED DOMESTIC PEACE.

WILBUR F. STEELE, a Dakota legislator, takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. Once the woman suffrage bill was before the house. A call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes, and commenced: "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but —" At this moment a well dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed: "W-i-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said: "Mr. Speaker, I vote aye." The lady was Mrs. Steele.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A CAREFUL DOGNOSIS.

KENTUCKY GIRL: Pa, I'm afraid there is something the matter with Fido.

KENTUCKY PA: How so?

"He acts strangely and froths at the mouth, and when I offered him water he almost went into convulsions."

"He's gettin' some sense in his head, I reckon."—*Omaha World.*

"HERE, porter!" cried a distinguished victim of the Interstate Commerce Law, who was traveling on a Southern railroad, "bring me a bottle of ale."

"Can't do it, sah. We's passin' through a prohibition county. You'll have to wait about fifteen minutes."—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHOLLY UNPREPARED.

MRS. COLONEL YERGER is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Colonel Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course, he was called on for an after-dinner speech. Colonel Yerger got up, and, assuming an imposing position, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared —"

He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying:

"Why, Colonel, you knew it perfectly this morning." *Tableau.*
—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. EVARTS had been speaking for some hours, and was evidently nearing his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and again asked a similar question. Then a third time he restated his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones, wound up with:

"What is their answer?"

He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court-room opened, and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather-duster into the opening, cried out:

"Brooms!"—*American Magazine.*

"WHEN did you die?" asked St. Peter, who was putting some necessary questions to an applicant.

"A week ago."

"A week ago! and it has taken you all this time to get here?"

"Yes, sir. I died in Chicago."

"Oh, in Chicago; that explains it. Chicago is a long way from here."—*New York Sun.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "LINENE" goods. They are quite as comfortable and genteel as real linen, and in no way inferior to it. In fact, no difference can be distinguished. Their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the LINENE goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

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LONG BEACH HOTEL, Long Beach, Long Island, N.Y.

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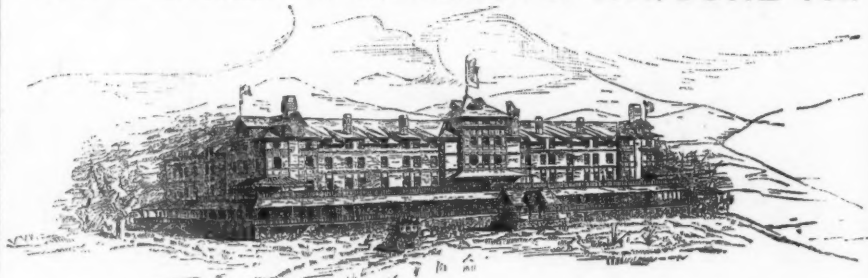
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WATER. ♦ ♦ ♦ GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

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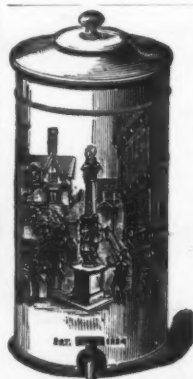
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Scientists agree that the water supplies of our large cities engender disease. This is the season of the year when Cholera, Typhoid, and kindred diseases, are to be most dreaded, and are often directly traceable to the use of impure water. A small outlay for a filter IN TIME will save life, not to mention the saving in doctors' bills. Judsons' Filters received the highest awards at the Inventions Exhibition, London, 1885.

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LAKE GEORGE

TO THE WELL-TO-DO SUMMER TRAVELER,

it is unnecessary to elucidate the advantages of Lake George as an unequalled Summer Resort, in those respects which call forth all the sentiment and romance of our nature; but to those who have never seen this, the loveliest of lakes, with its islands of green, studded like beautiful armor with gems; whose waters, limpid, pure and cold, abounding with fish, and on whose bosom many hundreds of boats are seen gliding over its smooth surface, the occupants of which make a scene of unequalled picturesqueness, we would fain give a brief description of the general and desirable features of this resort. First: we would call attention to one of the finest hotels in location, appointment and size, to be found at any watering-place on this continent—namely: the Fort William Henry Hotel (see illustration), situated upon the Southern end of Lake George, upon a gentle rising slope of about 300 feet from the water, which space is graded and made beautiful with grass-plots, graveled walks, shrubbery, flower-beds and fountains.

The hotel is 334 feet fronting the lake, carrying with it the great piazza the entire length, which, by the way, has become quite famous

through frequent description and praises of guests and sojourners. It is 25 feet in width and supported by a row of Corinthian columns 35 feet high—the outlook from it at all times is enchanting, commanding as it does a view of the lake for miles, including a number of the most picturesque islands and promontories—in the evening by moonlight, while the orchestra discourses sweet music, and the undertone is the flutter of cool dresses, dainty feet, beautiful ribbons and fans, together with the low voices of friendly promenaders, it is a delightful place in which to sit listening to the strains of the orchestra, watching the promenaders, and studying perhaps human nature as represented by new-comers, and doubtless as often the scene of as many engagements of the one sort, as the historical battlefields in the surrounding country were of engagements of another sort.

Under the dome (from the upper part of which a grand view of the lake is obtained)—upon the first floor, is the general office, including also a ticket office, telegraph office, bazaar, news, book and cigar stand, etc.: west of this is the drawing-room, and on the east, suites of apartments, bijou parlors, and a large billiard hall, while at the back, is the great dining-room, with accommodations for nearly one thousand guests. The lake and mountain air always circulating, supplies the best condiment. Fruits and vegetables are brought crisp and fresh from the Roessle Farm, near Albany, and the choicest meats and provisions from the metropolis. Shooting galleries, croquet grounds, bowling alleys, etc., are to be found in the grove near the hotel. There are many historical curiosities, including an Indian cabinet of exciting interest.

A writer on the subject of Lake George has most accurately described it as "A Summer Eden."

It may be doubted if any other resort in this country, or out of it, affords so many opportunities for the enjoyment of its visitors as does

Lake George; and the country in the immediate vicinity teems with interest to all, be their tastes historical, literary, or purely sporting.

A few days spent at the Fort William Henry, cannot fail to be long remembered by the visitor. The smooth waters of the lake are spread temptingly before his gaze, inviting him to emulate the sailor, the oarsman or canoeist, and should his tastes render aquatic pleasures undesirable, he will always find compensation on the sloping shores of the lake, which invariably contribute to his enjoyment.

The surrounding hills are of sufficient height to render their summits a goal for the ambitious pedestrian, and the summits attained, the views of the surrounding country are of a degree of beauty well calculated to convince him that his labor has been amply repaid.

The drives through the surrounding country are charming in their infinite variety of scene, and among horseback riders or bicyclists the Lake George roads are justly celebrated.

Visitors having but a few days at their disposal, and who wish to see all that can be seen of this lake of incomparable beauty, and to visit the scenes of some of the most stirring Revolutionary events, the Fort William Henry Hotel is most convenient. From the wharf immediately in front of the hotel, the lake steamers start daily, making a tour

of the waters, and forming a most delightful excursion. The islands to be visited, the quiet life of the monastic order at "St. Mary's of the Lake," and the scenes of sanguinary warfare as waged between the Redskins and the whites, and later between French, English and American, all are within easy access of the hotel, and with every facility of reaching them without inconvenience or waste of time.

The Fort William Hotel unlike many of the caravansaries which are open for the reception of visitors every summer, is a distinct addition to the picturesqueness of the scene wherein it has its being.

Mr. T. E. Roessle, long and favorably known as the proprietor of the

Arlington Hotel at Washington, and of the Delevan House at Albany, as heretofore, is the manager, as well as the owner and proprietor of the Fort William Henry Hotel.

As regards the accessibility of Lake George, the ways of getting there are almost as various as its attractions. They are briefly as follows:

From the West—By the New York Central R.R. to Schenectady and Albany, then by Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. R.R. to the hotel.

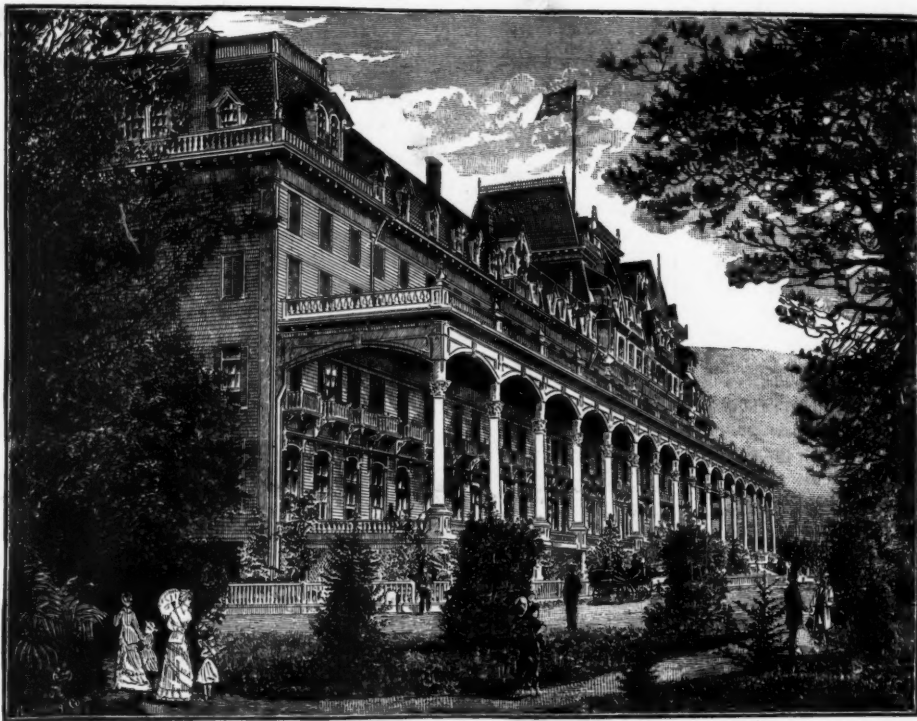
From the East—By Boston and Albany (Western R.R.) to Albany and Troy, then by Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. R.R. direct to the hotel.

From the North—By steamers daily on Lake Champlain and by New York and Montreal R.R. to Ticonderoga, then by steamer to the hotel.

By People's Line steamers; also, Day Line from New York connect at Albany, and Citizens' Line of steamers from New York, connect at Troy with Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. R.R. without change to the hotel.

Communications as to terms, etc., should be addressed to

MR. T. E. ROESSLE, At either the Arlington at Washington, D. C., or the Delevan at Albany, N. Y.



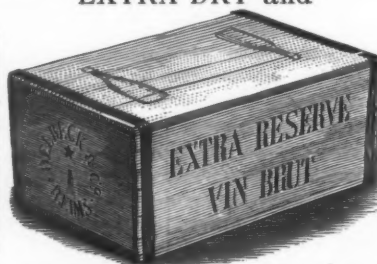
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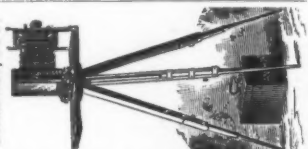
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